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MILLENNIAL STAR.

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"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them" (REV. 14: 13).

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SPIRITUALISM OF SHAKESPEARE.

SPIRITUALISM, as we understand the term, is a thing of modern growth. That is, the rappings, table or chair movings, slate writings, seances and the like, are of recent origin. But spiritualism in its simplest form has been known to exist for centuries. Whenever the spirit of revelation from God has manifested itself, in any age of the world, the spirit of revelation, not from God, has also manifested itself.

Without going as far back as the garden of Eden for an illustration, where we might go with profit, we refer the reader to the spiritualism that existed in the time of king Saul. The scriptures tell us how sorely perplexed Saul was, but because of his wickedness "the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by Prophets." The Lord, it seems, would have nothing more to do with him; so he decided to seek from the other source. What we now call a medium was sought for and found, and as is usually the case, even in these days, the medium was a woman. Saul said, "Call me up Samuel." just in the same manner that some one in a spiritualist meeting in these days will say, "I would like to talk with Frederick Meyers." Accordingly Samuel is called up—not down from heaven, but up from beneath. The medium (witch of Endor) is asked, "What form is he of?" and she answered, "An old man cometh up and he is covered with a mantle." "And Saul perceived" (from the description the medium or witch gave) "that it was Samuel."

But this paper was intended for the spiritualism of Shakespeare rather than that of the Bible. Shakespeare is our greatest poet. This is acknowledged everywhere and by all the critics. And the reason, it is said, that he is greatest, is because he is the most true to nature. Skeptics and infidels alike never tire of their praise of the great poet who is said to be so clear, so true. He "holds the mirror up to nature," they say. They do not know

that they but add their testimony to the truths of the Bible and of Mormonism when they praise him so. For they thereby indorse the supernatural, which is a part of nature, and which under other circumstances they would scoff at; but which the great poet knew existed, and also, that he could not be true to nature without weaving this element into his plays. And without doubt he grasped the truth aright, for he knew that there were good spirits and bad. Dreams, too, play an important part, as witness the following from Richard III:

KING RICHARD: O, Ratcliff, I have dreamed a fearful dream. * * *
RATCLIFF: Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.
KING RICHARD: By the Apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

Even a wicked, godless, scoffing Richard, cannot shake off the power of a dream. On the other hand, how beautiful and comforting is the vision of angels, at the death-bed scene of virtuous queen Katharine of Henry the Eighth. It is such a thing as the pious, departing soul of mother, wife, or sister, even in these days of the world's unbelief, may feel and see. Here it is:

KATHARINE: Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast a thousand beams upon me like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear.

Eternal happiness, and garlands which the pious soul feels all too unworthy of. The picture is true—true to nature, for in the experience of almost all, something of this kind has been sensed, as we may have sat grieving at the death-bed of our loved ones.

In Hamlet we have the ghost or apparition rising to reveal a foul murder. But Hamlet knows there are good spirits and bad ones too, and he wants to be sure that he is not being led off by an evil influence or power.

HAMLET: The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
Abuses me to damn me; I'll have grounds
More relative than this: The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.

Hamlet is afraid that the devil will take advantage of him, because of his weakness and his melancholy. Alas, have we not seen many a one weakened by disease or otherwise, taken advantage of by that same devil. Few readers but what can

recall such an instance in their own neighborhood or at least within their recollection.

Years ago, when the writer was a boy, certain repntable gentlemen in Utah started what was called "a new move." It was claimed at the time that revelations were received by some of the leading adherents to the new move. And I very well remember how this was donbted by many and was qnite generally disbelieved. After I grew older and could nnderstand the spiritnalism of natnre, I never doubted but that these men really did receive some sort of revelations or manifestations. And in studying the play of Macbeth we can see how truth after truth may be told by wicked spirits, bnt in the end it terminates in disaster and ruin, as it did with "the new move."

In Macbeth we have the witches meeting him on the heath with their "All hail:" first, thane of Glamis, then thane of Cawdor, then that of King, hereafter; all of which were prophetic truths, although that of King was bronght abont by mnrder. Then again, when he gets in certain straits he seeks, like king Saul of old, these familiar spirits for information:

MACBETH: Tell me thou nnknown power—
WITCH: He knows thy thonght,
Hear his speech but say thon nonght.
APPARITION: Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware Macduff,
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me:—Enongh.
MACBETH: What'ere thou art, for thy good cantion, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:—But one word more—
WITCH: He will not be commanded:—Here's another
More potent than the first.
APPARITION: Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
MACBETH: Had I three ears I'd hear thee.
APPARITION: Be bloody, bold and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.
MACBETH: Then live Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure.
And take a bond of fate. * * *
What is this
That rises like the issue of a king
And wears upon his baby brow, the round
And top of sovereignty?
WITCHES; Listen but speak not to't.
APPARITION: Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanqnished be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dnnsinane hill
Shall come against him.

Plansible trnths all of these which greatly strengthen the wicked Macbeth. He is, like Saul, a servant of the evil power and he knows where to get revelations. "Whatsoever spirit ye

list to obey his servants ye are," stands true in Macbeth's time and in all time. Yield yourself wholly to the influence of the evil one, and there will be no trouble about revelations, even should you be as wicked and blood-thirsty as Macbeth. But behold how fruitless they all are, as was the case with Macbeth. In a short time the enemy is encamped in Birnam wood. Orders are issued for each man to cut down a large bough of a tree and carry it before him as the host advances toward "high Dunsinane hill," where Macbeth and his forces are camped. Then with the report of it a messenger approaches Macbeth with these words:

MESSENGER: As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought
The wood began to move.
MACBETH: Liar, and slave!
MESSENGER: Let me endure your wrath if't be not so;
Within this three mile may you see it coming,
I say, a moving grove.

So does each one of the miserable prophecies end—end always the wrong way, and the result is always disappointments following each other until the discouraged heart can bear, or brook no more of it.

Finally in a very torrent of frenzy Macbeth is forced to cry out:

And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.

C. W. NIBLEY.

IN DISGUISE.

As I sat down to write at Christmastide my mind was running back to the babe of Bethlehem, whose birth we celebrated. As I listened to the songs of, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," on every hand, and saw the beautiful gifts sent one to another, in memory of Him, who gave the greatest gift to man, I thought how different the world would be to-day if all had imitated this Son of Mary, and followed in his footsteps; lived, as he lived, to render service to his fellow-men. His first, and last thought was not for himself, but for those around him, and upon his Father that had sent him (John 5: 30). He went about doing good unto others, never weary of well doing. When he saw the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda, and knew that he had been infirm for thirty-eight years, he had pity on him and healed his infirmity and set him free (John 5: 1-9). Then He had compassion upon the multitude, who remained with him for three days, when he was healing the sick, the blind, the lame,

and the dumb; he knew they were hungry, and would not send them away, until he had provided food for them, lest they fainted by the wayside (Matt. 15: 30-39). When he entered the house of the ruler of the synagogue and saw the people weeping and mourning, over the death of their daughter, he had compassion, and turned their sorrow into joy, by restoring her to life (Mark 5: 38). Again we see a man bringing his son to Him to be healed, because he was sore afflicted, and it grieved his parents to see him suffer. Jesus had compassion on the son, and healed him (Mark 9: 17-29). When He came from Jericho with his disciples, and a great number of people, he saw a blind beggar, begging by the wayside, who when he heard that Jesus was passing by, besought Him that he would have mercy upon him, and restore his sight. Jesus turns from the disciples and people, and commands the blind man to be brought unto him, and his sight is restored (Mark 10: 46-52). When Jesus came to Peter, who had been fishing all night in the Lake of Gennesaret and had caught nothing, he told him to launch his ship again out into the deep water and let down his nets; and he did so, and there was a miraculous draught of fishes (Luke 5: 1-7).

Thus we learn that Christ lived to render service unto others; he became the servant of all (Matt. 20: 27). How can we follow in his footsteps, and render service unto him? By loving our neighbors as ourselves, for no man ever hated his own flesh (Eph. 5: 29). When some friend pleads to us for relief, do we turn a deaf ear? Jesus did not. When some are full of grief, do we seek to comfort them, by words of cheer and hope? Jesus did. When some lay sick, do we seek them to give relief? Jesus did. When any cry that they are hungry, do we give them of our substance? Jesus did. When some who are naked seek us for covering, do we clothe them? Jesus did. Have we housed and comforted the wayfaring, that are in need of our succor? If not, then inasmuch as we do it not unto them, we do it not unto Him. When we arrive at life's journey's end, the stranger that crossed our pathway and plead with us for aid and help, and comfort, will unveil himself, we shall see the tokens in his hands. He will stand before us, and say: "Of me thou hast been ashamed. Inasmuch as ye did it not unto these, ye did it not unto me." Let us read the words of Jesus himself as recorded in Matthew 25: 31-46:

"When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty and ye

gave me drink: I was a stranger and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels; For I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

Let us try then to imitate the Master, and follow in his footsteps, and so acknowledge him in every poor soul on earth; let us do this duty, and learn to love our neighbors as ourselves. Then when the stranger starts from disguise, we shall not only see the tokens in his hands, but we may also receive the "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord" (Matt. 25: 21). Let us have that charity in our hearts that the Apostle spoke of, which suffereth long and is kind, which envieth not, and is not puffed up in pride, which seeketh the welfare of others, instead of self (I. Cor. 13: 4-7). If we do this, we shall have a better world to live in than we have to-day. There, instead of enemies everywhere, we shall find true friends and brothers, in every land, and clime, under God's great sun.

Coventry. GEORGE E. HUNTER.

AN ACTOR'S TRIUMPH.

GREAT effects upon the stage are produced only by great preparation. When Ellen Terry played the part of *Portia*, and Salvini produced *Othello*, and Irving the part of *Shylock*, delight and satisfaction were the result of a profound and untiring application of the actor to study of the art; and no man or woman can hold audiences for a lifetime without that preparation which great artists give to great conceptions. The finished performances of Edwin Booth live in the memories of those who saw him, because they were thus prepared. There was once an English actor so terribly in earnest with the study of his profession, that he made a mark on his generation never exceeded by another tragedian. He was a little, dark man, with a voice naturally harsh, but he determined, when comparatively young,

to play the character of *Sir Giles Overreach*, in Massinger's drama, as no other man ever played it before. He resolved to give years of indefatigable industry in preparing himself for the part, and to devote his whole intellect to a proper conception of the character. In the whole range of English dramatic literature, the character of *Sir Giles* is estimated as one of the greatest pieces of effective villainy and untamable passion ever portrayed, and little Edmund Kean set himself the task of producing on the London stage all the effects which the author intended. With what intensity he studied the language, how he flung himself, with a kind of rage, into the feeling of the piece, all his biographers have recorded. His wife said that he would often remain up all night before the pier glass, endeavoring to realize, by gesture, modulation and action, the conception at which he had arrived. At last, after repeated refusals to the management to appear as *Sir Giles*, saying he was not ready yet, and must still give more time to the rehearsal, he consented to have the play announced. We have accounts from various eye-witnesses of the sensation and the enthusiasm the presentation of the character produced, when Kean, full ripe for the occasion, came upon the stage as *Sir Giles*, on that wonderful evening in 1811, at Drury Lane. It was observed that when he walked in from the wings there was that in his burning eye, which betokened greater determination than usual, and Lord Byron, who was in a stage-box, whispered to the poet Moore, that something dreadful was written on the great actor's countenance, something more suggestive of power even than he had ever noticed before. And never till then, in the history of the stage, was there witnessed such an exhibition of forceful endeavor.

Throughout the whole play Kean bore himself like a fury; but it was reserved for the last scene to stamp an impression, which existed during the life-time of all who were present. The great actor himself shook like a strong oak in the whirlwind of his passionate vengeance, as displayed in the closing sentence of the play, and when he was removed from the stage, his face, turned to the spectators, was so awful, that Byron was seized with a convulsive fit, and fell forward pale as death itself. The solemn stillness of the house was broken by screams of terror from boxes and gallery; the pit rose *en masse*. Mrs. Glover, an actress of long experience and great talent, fainted outright on the stage; Mrs. Horn, who was also playing in the piece, staggered to a chair and wept aloud at the appalling sight of Kean's agony and rage. Munden, a veteran on the boards, who played the part of *Marall*, stood so transfixed with astonishment and terror that he had to be carried off from the scene by main force, his eyes riveted on Kean's convulsive and awful countenance. The actor that night was master of the situation. Profound and earnest study gave him the clue to his great achievement.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1921.

EDITORIAL:

MOURN WE THE DEAD.

By cablegrams from Salt Lake City, received at Durham House on the fourth and fifth of February, we were informed of the gradual sinking and death of Sister Sarah Farr Smith, who passed peacefully from mortality into the paradise of God on Friday afternoon, February 4th, 1921. She was the widow of the late President John Henry Smith, who died on October 13th, 1911, and mother of our beloved President George Albert Smith.

In their bereavement the condolence, love and sympathy of numerous kindred and friends, and a multitude of Latter-day Saints, the world over, are freely extended to President and Sister Smith and their children, Emily, who is at home, and Edith and George Albert, now with their parents in Liverpool, and to all members of the family at home and abroad. That the blessings and spirit of the Lord may comfort and sustain them in their sorrow is the universal prayer of all who know them.

Should Latter-day Saints grieve over their dead? The question is often asked upon witnessing the natural manifestations of sorrow at the hour of parting and at the obsequies of our dead. The answer is two-fold. It has been made by the Prophet Joseph and the leaders of the Church many times at funerals, where it is our custom to respect the memory of the departed, and comfort those who mourn. Oh, yes; we suffer the sorrow of aching hearts and let flow freely our tears of bereavement at the separation from our loved ones, agreeable to the revelation of the Lord: "Thou shalt live together in love, insomuch that thou shalt weep for the loss of them that die, and more especially for those that have not hope of a glorious resurrection" (Doc. and Cov. 42: 45). But we do not grieve as those without hope. We do not deny nor seek to stifle the natural emotions excited by the supreme trial of humanity at the severance of the cords that bind us one to another in the ties of human nature. Mortal life is part of eternal life. It has its rights and claims to be humanly honored and indulged, however perfectly its weaknesses may be spiritually overcome. It is no sign of weak faith that we weep at the scenes of death, but rather of love. Jesus wept. And it was because he saw how those most dear to him were weeping over their dead.

There is, however, an excess of mourning and extravagant display of mourning emblems and garb at and after funerals of the

world which should be discountenanced. It is not in accord with the real thought and faith and feeling of the saints. Carried to extremes, it robs the solemnity of death of its pathos and is suggestive of the oriental professional custom of hiring wailers and almost descends to the vain pageantry of the mimic stage. Such exhibitions, made palpably to be seen of men, can but be offensive in the eyes of the Lord. The extreme use of crepe and sombre colors, the draping of churches in black, and the funeral cortege caparisoned in plumes and velvet are not in place among our people. They are condemned in the same spirit that reproved those who sounded a trumpet, when they gave alms in the streets and the synagogues that they might have glory of men. Latter-day Saints who are thoughtful, and most of them have become so in this respect, have departed from these old traditional forms of mourning, and have learned to regard the occasions of death and the entombment of their dead as times of the softening of hearts, the instruction and comfort of chastened minds and spiritual exaltation. Their services for the dead are designed and carried out, with eyes looking upwards to life and the light, not downwards into darkness and the gloom of the grave. They adorn themselves in clean and modest attire, and decorate their funeral equipment in white, and with flowers; their services are of songs and prayers and sermons that breathe forth faith, stimulate desire to live and labor, and reconcile them to the all-wise providences of God: so that they can feel and say: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Perhaps at no other time are we so well prepared, as at the affliction of death, to receive the assurances of a true religion and willingly give heed to the doctrines of salvation as they are sympathetically explained for our especial consolation and help. It is then that sincere mourners care not so much for the form as for the substance of comfort. It is given in the ministry of the servants of God; not only in quoting principles from the Scriptures of divine truth, but in their exemplification, as shown in the lives of those we mourn. When such are the lives of saints called, in the due time of the Lord, from this life into the infinitely greater realm of the spirit world, the lessons imparted become of the highest quality, and are productive of the utmost good. They bind up the broken-hearted, cheer and encourage the weak and strengthen all in resolutions of righteousness. It is better, then, to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.

These reflections come up when we are called to part with such members of our families and friends as was Sister Smith. She was a typical Latter-day Saint of the most perfect kind and character. She was born in the Church, a daughter of one of its conspicuous patriarchs, Elder Lorin Farr, who was a descendant of Edward Winslow, of the *Mayflower*, and of Nancy Chase, descended from Timothy Chase, aide-de-camp to General George

Washington. They possessed and transmitted to their descendants all the virtues of a puritanical ancestry, glorified by the knowledge and testimony of the restored gospel in its perfection and purity. She was a woman of rare beauty and charm, a model house-keeper, whose hospitable home entertained hundreds. She was the mother of eleven children of whom eight are living. She was the faithful wife and confiding companion of a man who was the embodiment of those sacred principles; of whom rare words were spoken at his funeral by intimate associates in the priesthood of God. President Francis M. Lyman said: "He has fulfilled the Scriptures wherein Christ spoke of love. He walked the earth as an honorable, upright man. He loved you; not a person here whom he did not love with all the outpourings of his great heart. He loved all humanity. Perhaps no man in the Church was more widely and more favorably known among the great men of the nation than President John Henry Smith. He has kept the faith, he has endured to the end, he has fought the good fight, and he loved all mankind."

President Anthon H. Lund said: "John Henry Smith was indeed a great and a lovable man. He fulfilled the Scripture which says, 'And besides this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity.' I do not know a man who did this more than John Henry Smith."

Rabbi Frennd, of the Jewish synagogue, a friend of President Smith, asked permission and spoke a few words in high praise and appreciation of him. His text was: "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

President Smith had spoken a week previous to his death, in the Tabernacle, and while admonishing the saints to lives of faithfulness, delivered the following sublime, unequivocal testimony, whose sincerity no one that ever heard him speak could ever doubt: "I testify to you," he said, "that Christ is the Redeemer of the world. He is the Christ. He is the way, the truth, and the life. He is the very Redeemer of mankind. And He should be sustained as such in His teachings by every Christian in the land. Standing before you to-day, I solemnly declare unto you my absolute knowledge of the fact of the atonement of our Savior—that He lived, and that He died for our sins, that He rose from the dead, and that the world will be redeemed by Him and in no other way."

When we consider that these words fell from the lips of an apostle, who was also the son and father of apostles, whose grandfather died in the Church, whose great grandfather was a convert to the gospel and testified that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, and whose grandson is a youth, now of the prophet's age when called of God, and is active in His service, we may realize how the testimony of Jesus Christ is bound up and

becomes a part of the very life and being of this wonderful family, which the Lord raised up to reveal and establish His word among the children of men.

While we sympathize and love and bless President George Albert Smith and his family in the departure of their beloved mother, without seeing her again in this life, we rejoice also with them in the positive testimony and assurance that she is with their father, to whom she has gone and with whom in infinite bliss she is united, never again to be separated; while together they await the coming of their loved ones, who survive for a season, to that heavenly abode of the faithful "in a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God."

J. F. W.

GARDEN OF THE GODS.

In the days of the overland stage coach, feeble descriptions of the Garden of the Gods came across the mountains, exciting the wonder of the people here, who had crossed the plains by the northern route, but had never penetrated the wild recesses and the famous parks of Southern Colorado. We remember to have heard some miners, in the early days of mining in Utah, who had prospected Colorado, describe the fantastic forms of mountains crags and peaks, about the sacred precincts of the Garden of the Gods. There was an air of superstitious dread ever pervading the recital of experiences in that locality in those who dilated on its wonders; and they left the impression that within the lofty walls that encircle it, strange sounds and mythical beings were to be heard and seen echoing and flitting from crag to crag, to the consternation and wonderment of the lonely traveler who made his camp there. With the building of the railway, which now reaches within three or four miles of this most romantic spot, such thoughts as awed the poor prospector, when gazing upon the singular figures that dot the landscape, have given place to the spell-bound astonishment and appreciative delight of a thousand visitors from the cultured firesides of New England and the Old World. It is in vain that men attempt a description of this remarkable spot, for though the Garden of the Gods has been described and photographed more than any other place of scenic interest in Colorado, words or pictures fail to give even the faintest idea of its wealth of gorgeous color or of the noble view which its gateway frames. The portals of this famed gateway spring from the level plain to a height of three hundred and thirty feet and glow with the most brilliant colorings of red. There is an outer parapet of pure white and there are inner columns of varied hues, the whole suggesting the ruins of a vast temple, once the receptacle of the sacred shrine of mythological gods. Within the Garden the rocks assume strange mimetic

forms, and the imagination of the spectator is kept busy discovering resemblances to figures of beasts and birds, of men and women, and of strange freaks in architecture. A day spent in this weird spot affords an experience never to be forgotten.

An hour's ride by team from the gateway of the Garden is the famous Manitou, the summer resort of Colorado. In the narrow defile or canyon containing the mineral springs which gave the name to the most beautiful town of the State—Colorado Springs—a few houses have been built along the stream and in the wider openings some large hotels have been erected, which afford every comfort for luxurious living. Manitou has been frequently characterized as the Saratoga of the west. In many respects the designation is a happy one, while in others it falls far short of an adequate description. Manitou is a Saratoga in that it possesses renowned medicinal springs, is provided with spacious and elegant hotels and is the summer resort of the refined, intelligent and wealthy, the seekers after health and pleasure. It is not a Saratoga in that it is surrounded by some of the grandest and most beautiful scenery in America. For those who admire the grand in nature, the mountains tower in the western heavens, marshalled and captained by Pike's Peak; for those who are moved by vastness, the mysterious plains stretch boundless to the east; for those who love gentler aspects, the valley of the Fontaine-que-Bouille, glowing with greenery and pranked with flowers affords perennial pleasure.

From Manitou the ascent of Pike's Peak is made, and horseback expeditions are most inviting in all directions. No grander panorama of mountain scenery can be found in the world than from the summits of the mountains reached in a day's ride from Manitou. The elevation of Pike's Peak is fourteen thousand one hundred and forty-seven feet, and an easy horse trail winds about its base and sides to the summit, which is still used; though a railway has been built to convey the most of travelers to the top. It rivals the celebrated Rigi at Lucerne and certainly the views it introduces to the traveler are not surpassed in grandeur and loveliness even by the older and more celebrated Swiss scenes.

Leaving Colorado Springs, where, summer and winter, it is a constant delight to dwell, the palace cars of the mountain railway—the Scenic Line—rapidly, smoothly glide over the ever-curving tracks; and on the right and left, from every point of view, reveal ever changing but ever beautiful views of nature's rarest scenery. From Pueblo, the second commercial city of the State of Colorado, the entrance is made upon the domain of loftier heights, where everlasting snow lies heaped in crevices of the sheltered slopes and rugged pinnacles pierce the sky, a thousand feet above the line of hardiest vegetation. The Arkansas River, a broad and sluggish stream at its mouth and for a

hundred miles or more above, becomes a foaming, roaring cataract in its confined course, as it leaps over its stony bed from side to side of the-rock bound canyon, that narrows down to a few feet in width. The most remarkable portion of this canyon has been called the Royal Gorge and not a better name could be given it. The astonishing feature of this gorge, to the white man as well as to the wild Indian who looks in mute wonder and amazement, is that a railroad has penetrated its almost impassable cliffs. When first examined it seemed impossible that a railway could ever be constructed through this stupendous canyon to Leadville and the west. There was scarcely room for the river alone, and granite ledges blocked the way with their mighty bulk. In time, however, these obstructions were blasted away, a road-bed closely following the contour of the cliffs made, and now the canyon is a well-used thoroughfare. But its grandeur still remains. After entering its depths, the train moves slowly along the side of the Arkansas, and around projecting shoulders of dark-hued granite, deeper and deeper into the heart of the range. The crested crags glow higher, the river madly foams along its rocky bed, and anon the way becomes a mere fissure through the heights. Far above the road the sky forms a deep blue arch of light; but in the gorge hang dark and sombre shades which the sun's rays have never penetrated. The place is a measureless gulf of air with solid walls on either side. Here the granite cliffs are a thousand feet high, smooth and unbroken by tree or shrub; and there a pinnacle soars skyward for thrice that distance. No flowers grow, and the birds care not to penetrate the solitudes. The river, sombre and swift, breaks the awful stillness with its roar. Soon the cleft becomes still more narrow, the treeless cliffs higher, the river closer confined, and where a long iron bridge hangs suspended from the smooth walls, the grandest portion of the canyon is reached. Man becomes dwarfed and dumb in the sublime scene, and Nature exhibits the power she possesses. The crags menacingly rear their heads above the daring intruders, and the place is like the entrance to some infernal region. Escaping from the gorge, the narrow valley of the upper Arkansas is traversed, with the striking serrated peaks of the Sangre de Cristo close at hand on the west, until Salida is reached.

DEVALVO.

FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

Arrivals.—The following elders arrived per s.s. *Victorian*, February 7, 1921, and were appointed temporarily to London: Charles W. Speierman, Logan, Utah; Ervin Rawlings, Preston, Idaho; Thomas Finlayson, West Jordan, Utah; Homer Taylor, Marysvale, Utah; Horace L. Richards, Brigham City, Utah; Melvin Thomas King,

Raymond, Alberta, Canada; Joseph Conlam, Pleasant Grove, Utah; Joshua E. Brown, Draper, Utah.

Appointments.—Elder James T. Palmer was appointed February 2nd, 1921, traveling elder in the Newcastle conference.

Elder Grant P. Geddes, appointed February 2nd, 1921, traveling elder in the Leeds conference.

Elder Charles H. Last was appointed February 2nd, 1921, traveling elder in the Nottingham conference.

Elder John M. Toolsen was appointed February 2nd, 1921, traveling elder in the Nottingham conference.

Elder John W. Pitcher was appointed February 8th, 1921, traveling elder in the Norwich conference.

Elder Joseph Crowther was appointed February 8th, 1921, traveling elder in the Norwich conference.

Socials.—The saints of the Glasgow branch, Scottish conference, held their annual social on Thursday, January 6th, 1921, in the Masonic Temple. About one hundred and sixty people were present. A splendid supper was served and a fine program rendered.

On Thursday, February 3rd, 1921, the Glasgow Sunday-school social was given. The program consisted of songs, recitations, and dances. President William Easton presented each child with a prize for faithfulness in the Sunday-school.

Reorganized.—Sunday, January, 23rd, 1921, the Glasgow branch Mutual Improvement Association was reorganized: Robert McQueen, president; Robert S. Barclay, Archie McNair, assistants; George N. White, secretary, and Elder Clyde Romney, teacher.

The Sunday-school of the Gateshead branch was reorganized by President David E. Randall, Sunday, February 6th, 1921. James Grey Batt, superintendent; Robert Graham, Sr., and Mona Brown assistants; Hannah Graham, secretary and treasurer; Winifred McKinley, organist; Louie Batt, chorister. Relief Society, Lizzie Robinson, president; Mary Jane Banks and Elizabeth Grey, counselors; Ethel Lentell, secretary and treasurer. Mutual Improvement Association, John Poulson, president; John B. Grey, and Ethel Lentall assistants. Brother Robert Graham, Sr., was ordained a teacher.

Branch Conferences.—A very successful branch conference was held at Leeds, January 16th, 1921. There were two services, and a large number of saints and friends were present. The numbers given in the afternoon by the Sunday-school children were worthy of special mention. Sunday-school Superintendent J. E. Sinister was released because of emigrating to America. He bore a wonderful testimony, after twenty-four years in the Church, as a

continual, faithful member. The Sunday-school was reorganized, making all the branch offices complete. Rosa Clapham, president of the Relief Society, reported it to be showing fresh life and increased interest by the members. President Leonard H. Whipple and Elder W. Naylor were visiting and spoke, also President Harry Greenall. Solos were very beautifully rendered by Elizabeth Clapham and Mabel Day.

Sunday, January 30th, 1921, a branch conference was held at Bradford. President Leonard H. Whipple, Elders Naylor and Prisbrey were present, with a full representation of the officers of each organization. Mary E. Sanders, president of the Relief Society, reported it to be in a prosperous condition. Alfred E. Higgins, superintendent, reported the good work being done by the Sunday-school. Reginald H. Sanders, president, declared the Y. M. M. I. A. to be in a satisfactory condition. Sarah E. Race, president, told of the good work the Y. L. M. I. A. were doing; especially in the discouragement of tobacco. Dr. George H. Higgins, corroborated the remarks of Sister Race. He testified that while examining men for His Majesty's service, the inferior physical condition of those who used tobacco was surprisingly evident. Spirited remarks were made by President Whipple, Elders Naylor, Prisbrey, and Leonard A. Higgins. Solos were beautifully rendered by Florence Higgins and George Waite, Jr.

On January 30th, 1921, the Darlington, Middlesborough, and Sheldon branches met at Darlington. Three sessions were held. At the Priesthood meeting the branch presidents gave reports as to their branch conditions. The afternoon and evening meetings were well attended by saints and friends; some good talks and music were given by the local brothers and sisters.

A branch conference was held at Portsmouth on Sunday, February 6th, 1921. President James Gunn McKay, Elders James Arno Kirkham, Robert E. Griffiths and Harold H. Bennett were present. Several changes were made in the branch and auxiliary offices. Robert J. B. Prior was made first counselor in the branch presidency; William H. Bickerstaff, president of the Mutual, and Amy Ruth Tomes, president of the Relief Society, with Johannah Porter as first counselor, and Annie M. Bickerstaff, secretary and treasurer. Ernest M. Combes was ordained deacon and he and Annie Combes were appointed to look after the Basham division of the Sunday-school. President Arthur S. S. Bulstrode secured the Fratton Assembly Rooms for the conference and very hospitably entertained the elders.

On January 30th, 1921, a branch conference was held at Cardiff, Bristol conference, which included a Priesthood meeting, a Sunday-school and Sacrament session, as well as the lantern-slide lecture in the Cory Hall. There were in attendance: President James Gunn McKay, Elders J. Arno Kirkham, Fred R. Morgan, Harvey D. Hansen, David N. Low, Frank Lockyer, Richard

Williams, Jr., and Gomer O. Thomas. There was a beautiful spirit in each meeting, and much valuable instruction and doctrine was given to those present.

On Monday, January 31st, 1921, a conference was held at Merthyr, Bristol conference, and the branch organized. David T. Rossiter, president; Richard Frayzer, counselor; Baldwin F. Parry, clerk. The Relief Society: Lily Phillips Morgan, president; counselors, Annie Maud Rossiter and Mona Gates; Beatrice Maud Jones, secretary. Elders J. Arno Kirkham, Harvey D. Hansen, Richard Williams, Jr., and Gomer O. Thomas took part in the meeting. There was a splendid spirit present. At the close of the meeting one sister applied for baptism. It is expected there will be half a dozen ready in the course of a week or two.

ONLY WAIT.

When the spirit, worn and weary,
'Neath its daily load of care,
Finds the pathway long and dreary,
And the burden hard to bear,
Tired with hoping, faint with fearing
Sighs to reach the golden gate,
Then in accents soft and cheering,
Patience whispers, "Only wait;"
For a brighter day is dawning,
Joy awaits us in the morning—
In the beauty of the morning—
Only wait.

DIED.

WACKETT.—Mary B. Wackett; born September 5th, 1854, at Hadleigh, Suffolk; baptized January 11th, 1877, at London, by William Paxton; confirmed by Samuel Bantock; died January 28th, 1921. Buried at St. Pancras cemetery, London, February 3rd, 1921. Services were conducted and the grave dedicated by President James Gunn McKay. Sister Wackett was first counselor in the Holloway Relief Society, and has been a faithful worker for many years.

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